choir, where there was a swarm of gold-laced officials with staves to receive them, there was a continuous progress of ambassadors in uniform, Indian princes in Oriental robes, colonial premiers in court costumes with breasts ablaze with decorations, peers and peeresses with their ermine and miniver. Privy Councillors in blue and gold and pages in white satin and knee breeches, judges with full wigs, bishops in lawn, members of Parliament and dignitaries of the civil service in such bravery as they could muster, and the great dames and leaders of fashion in beautiful toilettes and coiffures, with their diamonds and pearls. Who could ever forget the splendors of that stately court in the Abbey? What painter under royal command could hope to portray the bewildering revel of blends of radiant color, the shimmering brilliance of gold and silver sheen, the sparkling fires and softened iridescence of tens of thousands of jewels and the air of gayety and distinction pervading the ancient fane?

When the peeresses were in their seats in the north transept the colors of the crimson robes and miniver capes powdered with ermine were massed so that they seemed to be dressed alike. Each wore three ostrich plumes and a gauze veil, and held in her lap coronet and fan. The bars of miniver could not be counted, nor the silver balls and golden leaves of the coronets be discerned, nor the quarter yards of the train be measured with the eye. Relative rank could be determined by the order of the tiers and proximity to the central throne, but the beauty of the underdresses and coiffures and the splendors of the diamond tiaras and ropes of pearls were concealed. Each peeress had enjoyed, however, her moment of triumph in the passage of nave and choir. The white underdress, veiled in exquisite lace and embroidered with heraldic or decorative designs in gold and silver thread, had been seen, and every yard of the crimson train edged with miniver had trailed behind her and advertised the dignity of rank. The family heirlooms and beautiful jewels had shone from neck and hair, and had helped to proclaim her as one of the great personages of the coronation.

In the Order of Rank.

The peers in the south transept, seated in rising tiers in the order of rank, wore robes of crimson velvet with miniver edges and ermine capes over court dress or uniforms. Their most conspicuous members were in the groups bearing the regalia and surrounding the monarch; but the main body of privileged legislators was massed in the monotonous glory of crimson and black and white fur, and there was not a puppet peer among them. Their tawdry coronets, with velvet caps and golden tassels, were in their hands, to be toyed with during the earlier stages of the service and to be worn with conscious pride when the King was crowned. In the royal boxes reserved for the princesses and intimate friends of the King and the Queen purple was the dominating note above the gold plate, and the eager faces of children could be seen among them.

In the Commons gallery there were welcome patches of black, many court dresses and military uniforms and, notwithstanding the Radical majority and democratic tendencies, a brave display of decorations. In the Privy Councillors' and diplomatic galleries, in the choir and on the platforms flanking the long passage through the nave, there was a bewildering variety of costumes. The ladies were in full court dress without trains, and if they were not allowed to carry bouquets they had exquisite jewels, lace and fans. These galleries were relieved from the monotonous sway of crimson mantles and black and white fur. Queen Mary had set the style for bright colors, glittering metallic tissues and crystal embroidered gowns in balls and parties, and had let it be known that there could not be too many jewels to please her. The coronation galleries were fairly gleaming with gold and silver textures and beautiful colors in dress, and never were there so many diamonds and jewels seen under a single roof. The shimmer of scarlet and gold uniforms was everywhere, with the Privy Councillors' blue, a few mantles of knights and the darks of court dress to tone it down. The Earl Marshal, in scarlet and white, was a central figure as the chief stage manager. Mediævalism was picturesquely suggested by the heralds, pursuivants and yeomen of the guard, with their quaint costumes.

Belated and Dilatory.

There was time enough for a rollcall of the embassies and of the empire in the choir and of the peerage in the transepts, and also to decide whether it was a white and gold coronation like the last one, or a more joyous one, with brighter colors and more brilliantly jewelled. There must have been four hours between the opening of the doors and the arrival of the processions—the British princesses and German princes, the Prince of Wales with his heralds, Queen Mary and her retinue and the King's procession with the bearers of the standards, regalia and swords and the great functionaries of the state and royal household. During that long interval opera glasses were freely used, and there was a continuous buzz of animated conversation in all the galleries. The orchestra played marches and selections from Handel and modern English composers, and there were occasional drumbeats, and files of choristers and richly vested prelates passed across the crowded theatre. For the thousands of spectators the chief sources of entertainment were the belated peers straggling in with their coronets and the dilatory women whose elaborate coiffures had kept them at home. Apart from the pageantry of the vast assemblage, with its incessant byplay, was the storied, time-glorified Abbey, softened and transfigured by the decorative effects of blue and amber.

Vivacity and Modernity.

As time passed the first impression of transcendent stateliness was blurred and the sparkling vivacity and intense modernity of the spectacle were appreciated. It was like a command performance, where familiar faces and celebrities could be recognized.

The Duchess of Westminster was known by her handsome face and lovely jewels, the Duchess of Wellington by her stately presence and the Duchess of Rutland by her exquisite grace. The Duchess of Buccleuch, after a long service in the centre of the stage in the days of Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, was in a side seat.

The Duchess of Roxburghe and the Countess of Granard supported America's reputation for perfection of costume and jewels. The Countess (soon to be Marchioness) of Crewe was gowned and robed with simple elegance. The Countess of Aberdeen wore Irish embroideries, with thistles intertwined with ivy leaves and a necklace of emeralds and pearls.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain had a good seat with Mrs. Endicott. Mrs. Herbert H. Asquith, the Prime Minister's wife, was where every one could see her, and her face was radiant with frank enjoyment of the splendid scene. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in blue, was the most conspicuous of the overseas statesmen, and General Botha, while not in Boer uniform, was stalwart and straight backed, like the soldier he is.

Some Asiatic Faces.

The dark, wiry little man with a sea roll in his stride through the choir was the modest Admiral Togo, the Japanese Nelson, and a wideawake, genial soldier was General Nogi. The Indian princes were revealed by their Oriental robes and Prince Ching by his typically inscrutable Chinese face. There were sultans from the Straits Settlements, Ethiopians in white, the stolid looking heir to the Turkish throne, the Khedive's brother, tricked out in Egyptian bravery, and Emperor Menelek's swarthy faced cousin from Abyssinia. The Duke of Aosta and the Infante Don Fernando Marie were volatile representatives of the Latin races, and the French admiral was well groomed and plumed.

The boyish German Crown Prince was in glittering uniform; the Archduke Francis Joseph furnished another typically German face, while Queen Wilhelmina's broad shouldered husband seemed like a prosperous Dutch burgher. The Russian Grand Duke Boris was resplendent in gold lace and decoration, while there were the gorgeous uniforms of the princes from Rumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and many German states. Prince Henry of Prussia was conspicuous for his gracious bearing.

Americans could be picked out with opera glasses as easily as the familiar figures among the Privy Councillors. Society favorites and brilliant hostesses, who were sunning themselves at Ascot, were missing from the Abbey unless they were peeresses or the wives of prominent Englishmen.

Less Conspicuous Seat.

J. Pierpont Morgan had a less conspicuous seat than at the last coronation. Captain Gove of the battleship Delaware was in naval uniform, and Charles P. Taft was in regulation court dress.

In the north choir gallery Mrs. Taft was dressed in a white satin gown embroidered in brilliants, and wore diamonds and pearls. Miss Taft was in white tulle, embroidered in pink, with crystal beads. She wore a pearl necklace.

Ambassador Reid was with the diplomatic corps in the choir, and John Hays Hammond was with the special envoys. Mrs. Reid was in white, with exquisite lace and diamonds. Mrs. Hammond's coronation robe was of heavy satin, changing in hue from peacock green to silver turquoise, and her jewels were diamonds and emeralds. Mrs. William Phillips wore white satin with silver and pearl embroidery, and Mrs. John Ward white brocade.

Admirably Stage Managed.

When the processions entered the nave and choir, what had been a magnificent court was transformed into a theatrical spectacle admirably stage managed. The grandest scenic effects at Drury Lane or His Majesty's were dwarfed beyond comparison and intensified with realism. Instead of actors and actresses masquerading as royal personages, with a swarm of court dummies and improvised ladies-in-waiting, there were living pictures, with princes and princesses playing their own parts, and with prelates, pursuivants, functionaries with gold tipped wands, nobles with standards and the real regalia, all surrounding a real king and queen. It was modern royalty brought up to twentieth century date, yet invested with a glamour of quaint heraldry and the mediæval traditions of chivalry.

First came the princes and princesses of British stock and Continental courts. A score or more of princesses richly jewelled passed through the choir and across the theatre to the royal boxes, with attendants to manage their trains, floating behind them like crimson or purple clouds with silvery linings.

The Handsomest Princess.

Princess Patricia of Connaught was easily the handsomest among them, and the German Crown Princess had one of the freshest and most sensitive faces in the serried lines.

More than two hundred figures had been already marshalled in three divisions, with thirty paces reserved for the King and as much space for the Queen. The first division had moved into the nave, the second was waiting for the Queen and the third for the King, with Yeomen of the Guard as a rear guard.

The Prince of Wales, with a modest retinue, was with the princesses—a boyish figure in Garter robes, passing up the choir with uncertain step and face flushed with excitement, and taking his place in front of the great company of nobles beside the Duke of Connaught, where his father had stood at the last coronation.

After a brief interval the Queen's procession entered the nave and choir with an outburst of triumphal music and vivats from the Westminster schoolboys. Heralds led the way for the gentlemen-at-arms, two bishops and three noblemen carrying the Queen's crown and regalia; but who could have eyes for them when the Queen herself was behind them with six trainbearers, the Mistress of the Robes, the Ladies of the Bedchamber and the Maids of Honor?

The Queen's ivory satin dress, with Tudor roses in bright gold thread in the centre of the bodice, and shamrock, thistle, lotus, oak leaves and acorns elsewhere, was of matchless loveliness. Drooping from the furred cape was a train of purple velvet embroidered in gold, with a spread of sixty square feet behind.

Her Queen's monogram with crown was resplendent among the shamrocks, roses and thistles in the centre of the train, which was bordered and lined with ermine. Magnificent jewels completed the glory of this regal costume, which differed essentially from Queen Alexandra's coronation dress, mantle and train.

Tall, handsome girls, dressed in white tissue, were more effective than pages as trainbearers. Nearly all were dark, with brilliant complexions like Lady Eileen Butler and Lady Victoria Carrington, and one, Lady Dorothy Browne, was a type of blond Irish beauty.

The King's retinue was so picturesque and magnificent that he was a less dominating figure than he might have been. It passed out of the annex and through the nave and choir while the choir was singing Sir Hubert Parry's opening anthem, "I Was Glad," with the Westminster schoolboys' vivats reserved for the approach of the King. It was longer, quainter, grander than King Edward's procession had been.

Slowly it approached the central theatre, headed by heralds, the Abbey clergy, officials of the royal household, bearers of the regalia and standard bearers.

Four Knights of the Garter.

The archbishops and bishops, splendidly vested, were attended by chaplains, and the traditional coronation functionaries were followed by purse bearers and pages. Four Knights of the Garter, in blue mantles, were ready to carry the Golden Pall, and the Kings-at-Arms, Yeomen of the Guard and Gentlemen-at-Arms revealed in costume and weapons the glories of chivalry and mediævalism.

So varied were the splendors of pageantry and color that the King himself, with his Parliament robe bordered and lined with ermine and the train carried by eight pages, was sacrificed to the grandeur of his own retinue.

When the King and Queen were in their chairs by the south wall there was a spectacle of incomparable stateliness and beauty. Bishops and clergy were around the altar. The Queen's retinue was on one side and the King's supporters were on the other. The chief performers were in the centre, and from the steps of the theatre to the choir and the west door the nave was a long line of the King's retinue, with mediæval costumes, banners and gold lace.

The Prime Minister was in his own place, near the throne. He was not masquerading as Lord Privy Seal, nor was he inferior in state to the Earl Marshal and the Lord Chamberlain, chief servants of the royal household, nor to the Lord High Steward and High Constable, with offices revived for a single day as reminiscences of the storied past. He was not acting as mentor for the sovereign, like Lord Melbourne behind Queen Victoria in 1838, but was there in simple uniform as Prime Minister, an office previously unknown in the records of coronation stage management.

Sincere Radicals Reconciled.

This was the innovation which reconciled sincere Radicals like Lord Loreburn and Lord Morley to their grandiose trappings as Lord Chancellor and Lord President of the Council. Another departure from precedent was the multiplication of the standards of Wales, the principality having for the first time its own banner. Five overseas dominions, too, were represented by former Viceroys.

There were fantastic contrasts in stature which would have been comical on the burlesque stage. Lord Loudoun, with the spurs, was a giant of six feet three inches, and the Duke of Beaufort, with the curtana, was nearly as tall. Close behind them with the second sword was the diminutive Lord Roberts, trying to keep abreast of Lord Kitchener.

By-play of this sort, however, made no impression on the sightseers. The unique majesty of the glorious spectacle was overpowering. The processional pageant was converted at once into a solemn ceremonial, full of mediæval symbolism.

The prelude was the historical "recognition," implying in earliest times a confirmation by the people of the choice of monarch after he had been lifted up on the warriors' shields. It was shortened and impaired at the last coronation, when in place of four proclamations there were three only.

One full ritual was restored when a group of dignitaries headed by Lord Loreburn, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Fife was formed on each side of the theatre, and George V was proclaimed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the heralds. The Archbishop's voice rang out with resonant power, and acclamations, strong at the outset, with the help of the Westminster boys increased in volume at every repetition and finally muffled the fanfare of the silver trumpets. So was made square to every wind the King's state as constitutional monarch, governing with the consent of his subjects.

Placed on the Altar.

This dramatic prelude was followed by a long pause, during which all the regalia except the swords were placed on the altar and the Litany was begun with a somnolent drone to the accompaniment of Tailliss's setting. The Introit sung at the last coronation was repeated from one of Purcell's scores, and the voices came out well in support of the organ in Merbecke's song and in the Creed. The sermon, by the Archbishop of York, was as prosaic as the music and delivered in a droway monotone.

When the oaths were administered the King responded in a faint voice and kissed the Bible while on his knees. It ought to have been one of the great moments in the service, but the grouping was ineffective and the trumpets were silent. The spectators were not thrilled until the anointing function had opened with the "Veni Creator Spiritus," sung to an ancient melody of serene beauty.

The orchestral prelude of Handel's anthem "Zadok the Priest" inspired religious exaltation. The solemn procession of the priests at Solomon's coronation seemed to be moving through the Abbey with a steady march, and when the choir sang the triumphal passages there was for the first time music worthy of the supreme occasion. Peeresses ceased to toy with their coronets and smart women in the gallery forgot about coronation clothes.

The King by this time was in the coronation chair, and four Knights of the Garter bearing the gold pall and a cluster of prelates and chief officers of the royal household surrounded him, while the crimson robe was taken off and the priestlike coronation vestments were put on. The Archbishop's voice could be heard, and the dean's uplifted arm could be seen during this passage, but the King was invisible until the supporters drew aside and he was revealed in the full glory of cloth of gold, anointed and consecrated like a high priest to the service of the empire.

The symbolic rites of the investiture, which were jumbled together at the last coronation, were more impressive when taken slowly. These were the presentation of the spurs, the sword of redemption offered at the altar, the bestowal of the royal robe, the orb and two scepters, the espousal with the ring and gift of the right hand glove.

Without understanding the symbolic subtleties of these ceremonies the spectators were thrilled by the glorious apparition of royal power when the King was arrayed in majesty like a golden knight in embroidered robe.

The fifth George's crown was waiting on the altar as the source of divine order in the transfer of earthly dignity. The dean raised it reverently and the Archbishop placed it upon the King's head.

The last supreme act had come with tremendous simplicity. There was a single moment of hallowed silence before the stalwart King-at-Arms gave the signal and the silver trumpets rang out.

Signs of Hesitation.

The peers behind the King put on their coronets promptly, but there were signs of hesitation and fumbling in the south transept.

The well drilled emotion of the Westminster boys under their head master now found vent in the joyful shout, often repeated, "God save the King!" The choir was already singing Sir Walter Parratt's hymn, "Be Strong and Play the Man." When the Bible had been presented, the King, gloriously crowned and armed with the symbols of sovereignty, turned toward the throne, and was fairly lifted into it by prelates and officers of state.

As he sat with orb and sceptre, surrounded by heralds, bearers of the regalia, bishops and court officials, there was the grandest tableau of the whole coronation. The climax had been reached, and the various acts of homage by the two archbishops, the princes and the representative peers were not impressive, inasmuch as the coronets were not taken off simultaneously and the ceremony had not been rehearsed.

Sir Frederick Bridge's homage anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord," was splendidly sung, with its motive from the Lutheran chorale.

There was a thrilling touch of nature when the King, following the precedent set by his own father, embraced his son with unaffected heartiness. The Abbey resounded with acclamations and the trumpets were blown again after a long drum beat.

A Beautiful Interlude.

The Queen's coronation then came as a beautiful interlude before the conclusion of the communion service. Supported by two bishops and surrounded by trainbearers and maids of honor, she knelt before the altar and then behind the coronation chair, and four handsome duchesses held the golden pall over her while she was anointed and crowned.

The Duchess of Devonshire, as Mistress of the Robes, gave the signal, and up and down the north transept white arms were raised and coronets were put on. The sceptre and the ivory rod were placed in the Queen's hands, and, with the Archbishop's benediction, she returned to her own place, pausing before the other throne and making a graceful courtesy to the King.

The Queen was as composed and lovely as a bride at a wedding during this ceremony, and the group of ladies around her was the loveliest picture seen in the Abbey.

The communion office, converted into a consecration service, was brought to a close, the time-worn prayers being repeated while the King and Queen were kneeling in their grand robes.

Music by four living English composers was introduced, in connection with Stainer's and Orlando's sevenfold and threefold amens. Sir Edward Elgar's offertorium, "O, Hearken Thou!" was empty and without character. Dr. Alcock's "Sanctus" and Sir Edward Stanford's "Gloria in Excelsis" lacked the dignity of the older composers' scores. Sir Hubert Parry's "Te Deum" was jubilant without being deeply impressive. The old music was attuned by the simplicity of its setting to the grandeur of the ritual, even when there were splendid voices like Edward Lloyd's, William Green's and Barton McGuckin's for a mixture of styles in new compositions.

After the retirement of the King and Queen to the chapel behind the altar the "Te Deum" filled the long pause which came as a chill anti-climax after King Edward's coronation. When the sovereigns emerged in their regal robes with crowns and sceptres, portions of their retinues had already retired.

The stately recessional pageantry had apparently exhausted its resources during the protracted service, or rather the spectators had feasted to satiety on the glorious effects of color and ceremonial, and yet this triumphal progress was a marvel of imperial magnificence. Slowly and without confusion or hesitation the heralds, the Yeomen of the Guard, the standard bearers, the court officials, the state functionaries, the Knights of the Garter, the pages, the maids of honor, the bishops, the chaplains and the Abbey clergy passed out, and the King and Queen with them, the Cullinan and Kohinoor diamonds and the sapphires of George III flashing from their crowns and their faces beaming with gracious smiles.

The organ and orchestra were playing joyous music, and the splendors of the scene left the spectators breathless, but their loyalty could not be silenced; etiquette was forgotten, and, the Westminster boys again leading the way, there were rounds upon rounds of cheers heard as the King and Queen disappeared. These cheers were renewed with surges of enthusiasm when they were welcomed by subjects outside the Abbey and on their homeward course to Buckingham Palace.

So ended the coronation in holiday fête and rejoicing, which continued hour after hour until midnight. There had been no effect of antithesis or the disclosure of human infirmity at the supreme moment of royal greatness, as there was at the previous coronation. The King was in robust health, and the Queen's happy face was unclouded with anxiety.

The secrets of state functions are hidden until diaries are printed, when the truth is revealed that the ring was jammed on the wrong finger or that some great personage tumbled down the steps of the throne or that the Archbishop turned the crown half around on the sovereign's head. Apparently, however, nobody had blundered, and neither the Archbishop nor the dean had been unnerved in hand or foot. It had not been a thanksgiving service for the convalescence of the sovereign; it had not appealed to human sympathy, but to patriotic pride and imagination. There had been in pomp, pageantry and homage a close approach to the apotheosis of royalty. The golden link of loyalty had been strengthened in metropolis, the nation and the empire.

I. N. FORD.

QUEEN MARY'S CROWN.

The magnificent crown with which Queen Mary was crowned yesterday is of wholly English construction, and is notable not only for the practically invisible setting, but for its extreme lightness; with its cap and ermine it weighs under nineteen ounces. No stones but diamonds appear in it. The circlet consists of a band of diamonds in a design of alternate roses and crosses. Above this, according to the well defined heraldic rules for the Queen's crown, are four crosses patées and four fleur-de-lis, and from them spring the eight arches. Above the point where they meet is an orb or mound in pavé setting, and above that again a large cross patée. In the centre of the cross just above the brow is set the famous Koh-i-Noor, or "Mountain of Light," the historic jewel, whose story has been called "one long romance of five centuries." It was once among the treasures of Aurunzeb, and Lord Dalhousie, when Viceroy of India, gave it to Queen Victoria in 1849. It was shown at the great exhibition of 1851, and afterward recut, on the advice of Sir David Brewster, by the Messrs. Garrard, the cutting of the first facet being performed by the great Duke of Wellington. Tradition says that the Koh-i-Noor never brought ill fortune to any woman who wore it, whatever malign influence it may have exerted on men. Another saying about it is that "who holds the Koh-i-Noor holds India." The splendid brilliancy of the "Mountain of Light" is then carried upward and downward by two of the Lesser Stars of Africa, parts of the great Cullinan diamond, and their employment in this position imparts a magnificence altogether unique to the Queen's crown. The pendeloque stone, weighing ninety-two karats, appears in the cross surmounting the orb . . . the square brilliant, weighing sixty-two karats, is in front of the circlet beneath the Koh-i-Noor.